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EDITORIALS



The faculty and the school extend their sympathy to Mrs. Butterworth in the recent loss of her mother.

As years go by and the development of our national existence increases, it surely is well worth while and is one of our highest social privileges to celebrate with ever increasing solemnity and pomp the anniversary of our nation's birth, and it is a fitting occasion to bring the character and services of Washington to mind. This is the day when America can open its temples of memory and fame and gaze, with grateful eyes on the countenance of one to whom we owe much. His services, character and the firmness of his mind, which helped our fathers to hold their beloved country, should be ever before us. Washington's fame is not in America alone. It is the glory of America to have given to the world men who shall never be forgotten. Washington is the man who fought not for tyranny, but for the liberty of his country. As Lafayette says, Washington is the one who "by a destiny seldom shared by those who change the fate of empires, died in peace as a private citizen in his native land, where he had held first rank, and which he himself had made free!" Thoughts, affections and sentiment for Washington are buried in the depths of every American heart. Fame shines for Columbus, for the early settlers of Jamestown, for the brave mariners. But the character, the counsels

and example of Washington guided our children and grandchildren in the paths of prosperity and peace, while America holds her place in the family of nations.

"As hero, soldier, statesman, the whole world bows at thy feet
And yet one leaf is needed to make thy wreath complete,
Jealous as other men of thy enduring fame,
With hearts as truly loyal, we choose the simpler name;—
Thy country's honored Father thou evermore shalt be,
Teaching that country's children how to be nobly free.
God help them now to learn, in the spring-time of their youth,
To stand as firm as thou for Liberty and Truth."

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE.

Its Decadence.

Its Restoration.

(This essay was awarded the prize in a contest under the supervision of the Quincy Board of Trade. A copy of the essay is now in their hands to compete for the grand prize.)

So long as the people of the United States controlled the best and cheapest building material—wood—our marine prospered, even though there were many obstacles in its path. In 1827 we carried 94 per cent. of our imports and 87 per cent. of our exports. At this point in our history the decadence began and the retrogression has gone on steadily until we find ourselves in the disreputable condition of today.

If we look back we will find the primary cause was the substitution of steam for wind as the propelling agent of our ships, and of iron instead of wood for the construction. Great Britain recognized at once the vast importance of the change and as early as 1837 that country built and navigated iron ships propelled by steam. Formerly, England had bought a great many ships from us and we had carried much of her trade but during the Napoleonic wars many of our ships were destroyed by her. Another menace to our shipping were the acts of confederate cruisers in the Civil War. Thus we have the reasons for the decline of the Merchant Marine.

Naturally after the decadence of such an important factor in the history and prosperity of our country, comes the awakening of the people to that fact and gradually will come

the restoration. This will be a hard problem for the people to solve but it must be solved and very quickly. First and foremost, we must, if possible, place our shipping on a footing with other countries. All the laws must be replaced that hinder its growth and we must stand for our rights on the sea. Many people who live hundreds of miles from the Atlantic seaboard, do not know of the condition of our marine, do not realize what it means to them. It is imperative that they should know and know at once. The European war is in progress, our time and opportunity has come to recover the lost shipping, for after the war there will be the strongest competition the world has ever known. There stands South America, the country whose trade we want and have been trying to get for years past. If the opportunity is not taken we must wait an indefinite period and be humiliated by the other countries.

What course shall the people take For fifty years congress has done nothing whatsoever to encourage the most essential part of our trading industry. Here are the chief reasons why we should have a marine: "the industrial; the commercial; the financial; the political and military interests of the United States." All these are based on national good.

We must understand that a marine cannot be had by the saying of the words. It will take a great deal of money and the government must encourage the marine even though it does not own it. Private capital will not be invested in such a poor paying proposition and therefore the government will have just cause for expending a large sum of money in starting an enterprise so highly essential to the country's good.

It is political economy to have a sufficient marine to carry the country's trade and the need is conceded on all sides. Here undoubtedly is a good reason why we will have a most difficult time to compete with other nations. We cannot operate our ships as cheaply as foreign ships are operated, because our wages are much higher and our standard of living that is demanded for the seamen is better.

Hindered by the increase of the running expenses, we are driven from the seas, not to return until we are ready to bear the burden. As has been stated above, the government would have just cause to start the marine but it would be unwise and inexpedient for the nation to own it. Foreign shipping is owned by private individuals and companies and ours must be, because only in that way can we get the best results.

The next important issue of the question is, the advantage of a home built merchant marine. We might look at the financial end first. Keep the money in America. If we go to other countries and buy ships, we are getting their cast off vessels which might be old style and certainly would not be efficient. Again, we put money into foreign hands to perfect their ships while if the money was spent in the United States, it could be used to perfect our ships.

It is also necessary to look at the subject in a different light; if we do not have "our own home-built marine" our mechanics and ship-builders are going to other countries and give them American ideas, while if

our marine was prospering it would keep our ideas at home. Here is still another view of the matter. Why did we win the naval battles in 1812 and before? Because we had a marine. If now we depend on a foreign nation to do our exporting and importing, what will we do in time of war? No country is immune from that possibility. When the need of ships is greatest the other countries will fail us and we must fall back on our own resources.

Our country must be protected from attack and a navy is the means of defence. A great navy has never and can never exist without a great home built marine to support it. England has maritime supremacy and also the most powerful navy, she practically rules the world. "Who-soever commands the sea, commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world, commands the riches of the world, and consequently the world itself."

It is unquestionably our duty to protect our marine from destructive foreign competition, after we have one. This object could be effected by having fixed principles, such as: not allowing foreign ships to come into our ports unless we are allowed in theirs; giving our vessels a decided preference over other ships by paying less tonnage and finally, when our marine is large enough, by not permitting foreign countries to do our importing and exporting for us. The ships that carry on our prosperity must be American ships, built in America, owned by Americans and navigated by Americans. When that time comes there will be something worth while in it for the people of the United States. They will be willing to invest their money, for it will pay large dividends. The policy of discriminating duties is another means of protection and appears to some men as the proper means. As for an irregular method we could fall back on the subsidy, but it is very unlikely that the people would consent to be taxed and have their

money go into the hands of a few even though it was kept in the United States. But here is a very substantial argument for the subsidy: "As a consequence refusing to pay in thirty years \$150,000,000 to native ship owners, we have had to pay no less than \$3,000,000,000 for freight, while we have no merchant marine as a bonus." Now which is better, to have a subsidized marine, or have no marine at all?

We must have a marine. Our nation is young but we are ranked as

one of the greatest powers of the world. All the great and growing nations have a merchant marine to do their shipping and do not for an instant consider the policy of letting other nations do it for them. The subject is a serious one and it involves not only the merchant but people in all classes of industry. The necessity is great and it remains to be seen whether or not Congress will be sanctioned to encourage the shipping industry for the cause of the American people.

ARNOLD SWIFT, '16.

SENIORS—TAKE NOTICE.

When pupils reach the Senior class in High school, almost ready to go out into the world to work a name for themselves, they should naturally feel proud and more or less conceited. They are spoken of as "dignified" Seniors and dignified they should be, too. Some are, some are not.

There are some pupils who, when they reach the Senior class are as bad if not worse than when they were Freshmen. Some are very proud of the fact that they are Seniors and go about with an air of a king or a queen.

Compare the Freshmen and the Seniors. Which should be the more refined and educated? Naturally the Senior; he has more experience and is older than the first year pupil. He knows the ropes and therefore can be of much help and credit to the school and to himself.

Seniors should set an example by which the lower classmen can profit. Of course more is expected of a Senior and therefore he should be prepared for any emergency.

Seniors should have more respect for lower classmen as they were once at the foot of the ladder. They should not think too much of themselves and consequently be above everybody.

When any trouble starts between the members of the school the Senior boys should see that it is stopped or else have it attended to by higher authority.

Lower classmen look upon the Seniors as their ideal and we therefore should be ready for anything that may turn up. As we are setting an example for others to follow why not make it a worth while example rather than one that can be found fault with? There are some Seniors who are proud that they are Seniors; there are others who care nothing about the honor; there are Seniors who are dignified, courteous, and respectable people to have around, while others are noisy, very rude and ill bred. Why not every one who is a member of the Senior class of the Lawrence High school, make an extra effort to help boom the school and what it stands for? Let's not try to make ourselves conspicuous by always starting something that is entirely uncalled for. Remember that we are young men and women who are trying to make a livelihood in this great world and that we are judged by our own actions and efficiency to make the most of what we have.

Some of us are going to higher institutions of learning, others are not,

but whatever we undertake to do let us do it whole heartedly and good naturedly.

The Senior stands for respect, faithfulness, courteousness and honesty. Are we all these? If not, why not? We are all working for the name of the school and we should realize it more than anybody else. We are old enough to realize it more perhaps, than ever before, what an education is, and means. Are we doing our best in this respect?

There are Seniors who waste their time, who do not make the most of their opportunities. There are Seniors who cannot do enough and are

looking for more. Which are we? Let us not be criticized by others; let us be as perfect or so nearly perfect that we cannot be "hailed over the coals."

We have only a few more weeks left in which to show our worth. Let us start in now just a little harder than before and prove to ourselves and to others what we as Seniors really can do.

We represent the Senior class of the best school on earth; let us live up to its reputation and make ours the best class that ever graduated. Let every Senior prove his real value in the remaining weeks.

HARRY W. CAHOON, '16.

"IT TAKES A MAN TO THINK OF THINGS."

One day when I had half an hour to wait for my train, I stationed myself on one of the busiest street corners in Boston to watch the sights. My attention was soon turned to a lady who carried many small bundles and who was followed by a street boy who was loaded down with more bundles. I had seen this very same lady many times that morning going in and out of stores; but I hadn't noticed her particularly before. She wore a light gray traveling suit, was quite tall and rather good looking and carried herself in an attractive way. There was something about her that made you look at her the second time. The dirty little street boy who followed her like a dog, at times would lag behind and she would have to stop and hurry him along.

She walked up and down the street as if she didn't know what to do and where to go. When she passed me for the third time I noticed there was a worried look on her face. I was about to offer my service when a bunch of giggling girls pushed themselves between us. When I next saw her she was two stores away. A young man stepped up to her; tipped his hat and offered his hand.

Either in excitement or gladness to see him she dropped her bundles and seized his hand as if it would save her life. She then began to tell her story. There was so much noise that I could very seldom catch a word. As she ended, she became excited and I heard her say "Can you help me?"

He said something which seemed to sooth her and then looked up and down the street. At last his eyes fell on the five and ten cent store. His face brightened and any one could easily see that he had a scheme. They crossed the street and entered the five and ten cent store. He soon came out again with something clasped in his arms. All I could see were four wheels and a body of what looked to me like a cart. All I could think of was that he had brought her a cart to carry her bundles. But he couldn't have bought a cart of that size for ten cents! My curiosity got the better of me. I walked down the side-walk until I was abreast of the store. The man walked out into the street and proudly launched what he had in his arms. I now saw what it was for on the side in large letters was printed, "Ford!" He helped her in the Ford

and piled her bundles around her. ing after her, then smiled, for it
 She pulled a string and disappeared takes a man to think of things,
 down the busy street. I stood look- doesn't it?

HENRY HOLMES, '16.

PHILLIP HARRIS, AMERICAN.

Synopsis.

Philip Harris, a young American, is abroad selling aeroplanes when the present war begins. He enlists in the French aviation corps. While on duty he overhears a German plot to capture Elizabeth Austin, the daughter of the President of the United States. To save his country from being drawn into the war and to save the girl he loves Harris makes a record flight to England, but arrives only to find that the Germans have already captured the President's daughter.

they had a better one.

"When the U-29 sank the Majestic she saved a few persons and President Austin's daughter was among these," Von Spee told the Prime

"Where is she?" queried the Prime Minister, leaning forward on the table.

"She is at the commandant's house, closely guarded," replied the Admiral, "and I think his most gracious Majesty has a plan," he continued.

All the eyes of the council were turned upon the Kaiser.

"The cards have played right square into our hands and I think we will be able to keep U. S. out of the war," smiled the Kaiser looking around at his councillors.

"Briefly, my plan is this," continued he, "We'll send word to the President that if he declares war we'll—well something will happen to his daughter. That will be enough to keep U. S. out of the war, don't you think?" and he looked inquiringly around the room.

"Fine! fine!" ejaculated the Prime Minister, while the rest wagged their heads and looked thoughtful.

"Can any of you think of a better plan?" the Kaiser asked.

All but Von Kluck said they had no better one.

"Your Majesty, do you think that would keep U. S. out of the war?" he asked.

"Yes, I do. But, Von Kluck, what makes you think that?"

"I've known this man for fifteen years, your Majesty, and I know he will do what he thinks best and nothing can stop him," answered the general.

All was quiet for a moment or so.

"That's our last resort, though,"

CHAPTER XII.

"About time for the Prime Minister, isn't it? asked the Kaiser of Admiral Von Spee.

"Yes, your Majesty," replied Von Spee.

"I think he's here now," exclaimed the Kaiser as a page came to the door.

"The Prime Minister," said the page bowing nearly to the floor.

"Show him in," commanded Wilhelm with a wave of his hand. The page disappeared and in a minute the Prime Minister came in.

"Excuse me, Your Majesty, but important matters detained me, sir," he said as he bowed before the Kaiser.

"We have an important matter here that isn't to be trifled with," exclaimed the Kaiser, "Sit down and Von Spee will tell you about it."

This was taking place in the Kaiser's private closet. He had just received word about the capture of Elizabeth and also that U. S. was about to declare war on Germany. So he had called together his chief men to tell them his plan and see if

said the Duke of Baden.

The Kaiser sat gazing into space, first drumming on the table and then fiercely twirling his moustache. Suddenly he jumped up and began pacing up and down the room with his hands in his pockets, his face growing blacker and blacker every minute. Finally as he brought his fist down on the table searing the councilors out of their thoughtful moods and shaking everything within the room, he exclaimed:—

“We’ll do it.”

For three hours the cabinet worked over their message to the U. S.

“At last!” exclaimed His Majesty, “That’s done. Send it right off.”

A bell was rung and in fifteen hours the German Ambassador in U. S. had the note ready for deliverance to the President. It was in the evening and the President and cabinet were having a meeting when the Ambassador delivered his note. The meaning of the note was this:

To the President of the United States of America:

We have your daughter as a prisoner. We must protect ourselves, however, much as we wish to keep your friendship. Upon your declaring war we will kill your daughter.

(Signed) Kaiser Wilhelm.

President Austin grew pale, and shoved the paper into his secretary’s hands who read it to the cabinet. When it was finished everyone began to talk angrily. When Pres. Austin had sufficiently recovered his self control he said:

“Gentlemen, I don’t think that this is true. I believe that it’s a stratagem to frighten me and keep us from the war.”

A few minutes later the cabinet adjourned. The next day every paper had in big glaring headlines:

EXTRA!

Germans Threaten to Kill President Austin’s Daughter If War Declared.

Pres. Does Not Believe Germans Have His Daughter. Thinks It a Stratagem to Keep U. S. Out of War.

Everywhere crowds gathered on street corners and discussed the news. In the big cities large crowds gathered, cheered Pres. Austin and wildly sang patriotic songs. At the German Ambassador’s house in Washington the crowd jeered and hissed till the police dispersed them. Everywhere there was the greatest excitement and everything German was in danger.

RICHARD G. VEDELER.

CHAPTER XIII.

“Harris,” called General Joffre, “go to the American consul’s and see if there is any news.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” called the young aviator. He walked out of the camp, through the streets of Paris and into the consul’s office.

“Any news today, George,” said Harris to the presiding clerk. “No, not much, only the President’s daughter is said to be in German captivity,” said the clerk. “Well” said Harris, “I call that quite important,” “I don’t know about that,” said the clerk. “The President believes she went down with the Majestic.”

Harris said nothing, but walked out of the office back to the French camp. He reported to General Joffre, but the news didn’t appeal to him. Harris walked into his tent deep in thought. “Why couldn’t I save the poor girl? I liked the girl the little I saw of her.” All this went through Harris’ mind while in his tent.

It was Harris’ turn to go on scout duty today with his monoplane. At 10 A. M. he made preparations to start. At last he was sailing over German territory. He was sure that no warfare was in this part of Germany so he sailed a little closer to the ground.

After sailing for an hour or so about 600 feet from the ground, he saw a few German officers leading a girl through the fields. He didn’t pay much attention to this until he noticed the girl was in distress. Harris quickly picked up his field

glasses and investigated.

To Harris' surprise it was the President's daughter, for he recognized her beautiful face. "I must get her," thought Harris. But to the young American's surprise about a mile ahead was the German camp. He quickly turned around. But it was too late. He was discovered by the Germans. He speeded up his machine. Shot was flying all around but this did not worry Harris any. He was very soon out of their reach and homeward bound.

He took out his watch, 2 p. m. He had been out an hour longer than he thought he had. He finally reached his camp and reported to General Joffre, but did not tell him about the girl. Harris put his machine up and started for his tent. He was halted by a crowd of soldiers who wanted him to play cards, but Harris refused as he had an important subject to look into. He went into his tent and sat on his bed.

After a while he came to the conclusion that the only thing for him to do was to receive permission to go to the German trenches as a spy. Then after getting in the German army, go in the German aviation corps and then while on scout duty, get information about the girl. After finding where she was, he would take her at night in his monoplane, across the channel to England.

LAURENCE A. WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I believe you wish to speak with me, young man," said the General, good naturedly.

"Yes, sir" said Harris saluting, "I wish to be a spy."

"Be a spy?" said the General, "Don't you realize that that is dangerous work?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"But—but what?" said the General.

"I wish to go and join the German aviation corps."

"But what is your reason?"

"My reason is this; I suppose you have heard of the sinking of the ship 'Majestic?' Well, since that I have learned that the President's daughter is being held prisoner at Kiel and I greatly wish to rescue her."

"Yes, yes," said the General, "I understand your case but it is no simple one. You have my permission and if you succeed you will accomplish what man has never done. Keep your ears open for information."

That night about ten o'clock Philip Harris stole out of the French lines in regular citizen's clothes and by three in the morning was twelve miles inside of the German lines.

Then feeling very tired he sat down side of the road to rest but fell asleep. He was awakened by a farmer who shook him rather roughly but was very kind. Philip asked him where the station was and the farmer said he was headed for the station, where they arrived in about an hour. The train took on about forty passengers, mostly German soldiers. They arrived at Kiel the next morning and Philip found that the German commander's head quarters were ten miles from there.

After resting for about two hours, Philip started to walk and arrived at about one P. M.

He then walked up to the gate leading to the commander's home, asked admittance and was conducted to the house by two guards, after which he gained entrance to the General who was sitting in a large room. As he entered the general said in a gruff voice, "What do you wish?"

"I wish to join the German aviation corps."

"Have you had any experience?"

"Yes sir," I had seven years experience in America and have owned three machines. Three years ago I came to Germany with my parents and later my father was killed defending his home and my mother is now in America."

"If what you say is true, maybe you will be a valuable man. You may

stay at my house for tonight and we will talk the matter over more thoroughly."

Harris was now shown to his room and told that dinner would be served at seven P. M.

STANLEY BOWMAN.

CHAPTER XV.

Harris was called to the tent of his commander who was a tall, lanky fellow about thirty years of age.

"You have been appointed to go to Kiel and join the aeroplane and submarine raiders who are to raid England shortly," said the commander.

To Harris' joy he proceeded the next morning at 5 a. m. to his appointed place. Kiel was five hundred miles from Brandenburg.

He had not covered one-half the distance when his engine broke down while he was flying over a German town.

He looked at his batteries which he thought were the cause of his trouble but they registered 35 degrees. He next looked at his gas tank and that was empty.

He took his spare cans and put about one hundred gallons of gasoline in his tank and started again.

He reached Kiel about 5 P. M. without oil or supplies and his gasoline tank leaking.

He discovered a crowd of people gathering around one small submarine, so he lowered his machine and saw the whole situation at a glance.

OWEN KELLEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

As the day was just dying Philip Harris and the Aviation Corps sailed into the country town of Kiel. Thus his journey was completed for that day, and he was to spend the night with a German commander who was a friend of his.

Harris left the corps at a country farmhouse and set out on foot to

the German headquarters. When he reached the town he found the house which was the commander's headquarters surrounded by soldiers on horse back.

He stepped up to one and said in German, "Tell the commander that Harris waits outside."

The soldier saluted and another one stepped to his side and watched him very carefully.

In a moment the commander came out of the door and gave him a hearty welcome, inviting him into the house.

The lower part of the house was one large room with a fireplace at one end and on all sides, stacked up to the windows, were guns and ammunition. The upper part of the house was divided into three rooms; one long one running the length of the house which the commander used for his private office, while the other was Harris' room for the night and the commander explained that they held a German girl captive in the other.

The commander left Harris at his room and told him to meet him at six sharp below to have supper. Six o'clock came all too soon and Harris went down stairs wondering if he should see the German girl they held as a prisoner. As he reached the bottom of the stairs he noticed that the commander had company so he took a seat and began to read the paper. Soon he heard them rising to go and he glanced up and to his surprise there was Elizabeth Austin. He had found her at last. She started a little when she saw him but did not let the commander see that she knew Harris, but came over to his chair and said in German, "Supper is ready." Harris arose and followed her to the other end of the room and then he forgot her and talked to the commander. He asked him how things were going on in that part of the country and how long he thought the war would last.

The commander kept talking to Elizabeth and tried to make him get

interested in her, and after he found that Harris cared nothing for her, he left to see his troops. As soon as the commander left, Elizabeth started to clean off the table and Harris asked her how she came there. She told him her adventures and he gave her his promise to rescue her.

Then she went on with her work, and when the commander came in Harris had gone upstairs. The commander came up to see where he was and found him examining the shells and things in his room. So the commander did not suspect anything. Early next morning Harris started to carry out his plan to help Elizabeth escape.

SALOME D. DAVIS.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Keep up your courage, Elizabeth," said Philip as he bade her good-bye at the door of Von Gluek's house. "I have bribed your maid and when I think of a means of escape I will send you a note by her."

"Do be careful, Philip," Elizabeth returned as she gave him a final shake.

Elizabeth went into the house, weary at heart but with a cheerful countenance. "I wonder if Philip will really find a way to get me out of here," she thought. "But I know he will, so I need not worry." She went to her room to dress for dinner and in the hallway she met Mrs. Von Gluek who said, "Miss Austin, we are to have a grand ball here tomorrow night to celebrate the German victories and I want you to be present and meet several officers who will be there. You will come, won't you dear?"

"Yes," Elizabeth carelessly returned, "I will and thank you so much." With that Mrs. Von Gluek went down the hall to her boudoir.

Later in the evening when Elizabeth retired to her room she heard a tap on the door.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"It is Marie," a voice responded.

"Come in, Marie," and the maid entered the room, flushed and excited. "I was almost caught, Miss Austin," she said as she passed a note to her mistress. "As I was coming in the door Mrs. Von Gluek saw and stopped me and inquired where I had been. I quickly tucked the note into my pocket and answered, 'I just went to the stable to see if Laddie, the sick dog was comfortable and she said nothing more. Mr. Harris is waiting in the shrubbery below your window for the reply. Here is a bundle he said to deliver to you.'"

"You were very good to bring them. Thank you. You may go now."

When the maid left the room Elizabeth opened the note and it read thus:—

Dear Miss Austin:

In order to escape you must disguise yourself. Unfortunately or rather fortunately my mechanic sprained his ankle and is confined to his bed at a house near by. What I want you to do is to put on the duster coat and eap in the bundle and disguise as my mechanic. Meet me at the foot of the garden at midnight tomorrow. If this pleases you throw a note to me as I am waiting outside.

Yours in haste,

Philip Harris.

When Elizabeth finished the note she wrote this reply to Philip.

Dear Mr. Harris:

Mrs. Von Gluek is to give a ball tomorrow night and at midnight I will manage to leave the house and meet you. Your plan is splendid.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Austin.

FLORENCE FOSTER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

About midnight Elizabeth managed to get out of the house and walked two miles to where Harris was waiting with a big monoplane ready to fly to England.

After a wait of about one hour

Elizabeth appeared all out of breath; while on her way some guards sighted her and took chase.

They were gaining all the time and all Elizabeth could do was to dodge into some bushes, so in she went, but they saw her and pulled her out. Then she began to scream until Harris heard her and, besides him, it attracted three others from the neighboring camp, but Harris got there first, clubbed the two guards and carried Elizabeth to the machine.

Just as they got up in the air they heard a rifle crack and on looking down saw the other guards firing at them. Up! Up! they went, going at full speed until the guards lost sight of them in the darkness.

LESLIE WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XIX.

After picking up Elizabeth, Harris headed his machine towards England. Neither spoke as they flew by town after town and the silence was only broken by the chug-chug of the powerful engine. They had been flying for about three hours and still were a good way from the English channel when all of a sudden Harris turned off his lights.

"What is the matter?" asked the girl beside him.

"See that?" said Harris, pointing towards a faint light.

"Well, what of it?" said Elizabeth. "Haven't we seen several lights all along?"

"Yes! but listen!" said Harris. He had now shut off his engine and in the distance came the faint chug-chug of an engine.

"A flying machine." cried Elizabeth.

"Yes, you are right and are you sure that you escaped without anyone seeing you?"

"Yes." was the reply.

Harris started his engine again but she noticed that he didn't turn on the lights, and it seemed to her that they were going faster than before.

She asked him why he didn't turn

on the lights. He replied that he knew the way well and that there wasn't any danger of bumping into anybody up in the air. That didn't comfort her much as she noticed he kept one eye on the machine. She wondered what there was about the machine that he didn't like and as she didn't have anything else to do she thought she would watch it. She didn't know much about a flying machine but the first thing she noticed was that it kept swinging its large light around. "What were they doing that for?" she wondered. Not swinging in a circle before he shut them off. She also noticed that it flew very high and kept its lights pointed downward most of the time. Then all of a sudden it came to her that it must be looking for something and that they must be the something that it was looking for. As soon as she discovered this she realized that Harris knew it too as he kept sending his machine higher all the time. Town after town they flew by at a powerful speed with the big machine behind looking for them. Ahead she saw at a distance what looked like water. "It must be the English channel," she thought. "Oh would they ever reach England!" Just then a light fell over them. She looked around and saw that the other machine's search light was on them. They were now discovered. What would be their next move she wondered. She didn't have long to wait as the other machine put full speed ahead and being a speedy craft was soon over them. She saw a flash from the machine above and then something went buzzing by them.

She heard Harris say something under his breath that she couldn't understand, but she caught the word "bomb." They were trying to drop bombs on them and Elizabeth knew if one hit the machine—well! that would be all there was to it. Harris knew the danger they were in and started to go a zig zag course so that it would not be so easy to drop bombs on them. The machine began

to rock like a boat.

"Don't!" gasped Elizabeth. She didn't get any farther as her heart felt as if it would come up into her mouth. It seemed as if some one at distance threw a mass of blackness at her which slowly came until it nearly reached her and then smashed in her face. The next thing she knew she was on the ground on a blanket and Harris was bending over her with a cup of water.

"Drink this," said Harris.

She did and then felt much better. "Where am I and how did I get here?" asked Elizabeth.

"You are just outside of London and came in that," said Harris pointing to the machine.

"Yes, I know, but what happened?" asked Elizabeth, "Did one of the bombs hit the machine?"

"No," said Harris. "You fainted, that is all, and I managed to escape the bomb and reached here safely."

"You did all this just for me? You saved my life! Just think you risked your life to get me free. O what did you take this risk for?" she cried.

"I did what any American citizen would have done. Help another American when he was in trouble and as you are the President's—"

"That is enough," she said. She rose and offered him her hand.

Fifteen minutes later he saw her safe at one of the large London hotels. He promised to call that afternoon.

After leaving her he had his machine put in a shed. He told a British officer of Germany's plans to raid London that night in air ships. He purchased a new suit, for all he had was his flying outfit. It was now dinner time. He took dinner at a cafe.

At two o'clock he started for the hotel where he had left Elizabeth. She was waiting for him and introduced him to a Mr. and Mrs. Sherman whom she had met at the dinner table.

"The Shermans are going to leave for America tomorrow morning,"

said Elizabeth, "and have asked me to go with them; shall I go?"

"Go, by all means," said Harris.

The next morning at ten o'clock Harris bid Elizabeth goodbye at the wharf. Elizabeth's last words were: "You will come home before long, won't you Mr. Harris?"

"Yes," said Harris.

As he stood there watching the boat leave it all seemed like a dream.

HENRY HOLMES.

CHAPTER XX.

After he bade Elizabeth goodbye, he stood on the dock watching the ship out of sight.

He then went back to the French camp and for lack of anything else to do, went for a walk. When about a mile from camp he met a captain in one of the regiments by the name of Alfred Joue. They got to talking and Joue said, "I am going to resign and go to America." Philip asked him "what for?"

He said "I am tired of this, it is nothing but kill, kill, kill all the time."

"You are up in an aeroplane and do not see it so much as I do, I am going to resign if I possibly can."

This talk with Joue set Philip to thinking and he decided that he, too, would resign.

The house of the commander was about a half-mile from the main camp. It was situated on a hill overlooking the camp. When Philip reached the commander's house he was recognized at once and admitted to the chief's room. The general was a large man with a rather dark complexion, deep set eyes that seemed to read your innermost thoughts, raven black hair and, as is so often seen in the French people, a fiery temper.

When Philip entered the room the general wheeled from the desk where he had been working with a frown on his face but when he recognized his visitor his frown changed to a smile of welcome. He jumped quick-

ly from his chair and returned the salute, saying at the same time in French, "Well, Monsieur Harris, what can I do for you?"

Philip said, "I have come to tender my resignation." The general became sober faced at once and asked "Why do you wish to resign?"

"Because I am getting tired of inaction, now the novelty has worn off. There is no fun in war for me. Beside that I have interests in America that need my attention."

"Well," said the general, "I suppose as you are an American citizen I have no right to hold you if you really must go." He then turned to his desk and wrote something on paper and gave it to Philip. It was a passport which would get him out of the lines.

The next day as he was packing he received an order to appear at the commander's house at once. Upon arriving he found several officers in the room and they all rose and saluted when he entered. Then the commander in the name of the French army pinned the legion of honor on his coat.

HERBERT WILMORE.

CHAPTER XXI.

As Philip and his friend Alfred Joue, walked down the streets of Liverpool, a paper fluttered near Philip's foot. In big print was written:

Ship Sails From England Tomorrow.

Philip picked up the paper and read that an English ship was to sail tomorrow to New York.

He pushed the paper into his friend's hand and said, "You have been fussing about getting back to

America, now is your chance."

They went home and had lunch.

The next day they got up early, packed their trunks and went aboard the boat. "Well we are on our way," said Philip to his friend.

The sailing was very rough but for such seamen it seemed mild. On the seventh day they arrived at New York.

"Doesn't it seem good to get back, Phil?" said Alfred.

"You bet it does," Phil replied.

They got off the boat and everybody began to cheer.

"What is all this for?" asked Phil, turning to his friend. "When I left New York they didn't cheer me. I must be getting big"

"Don't you understand?" replied his friend. "They are cheering you because you saved the President's daughter."

They were going slowly through the crowd when Harris heard his name called by a sweet high voice, "Oh, Phil," it cried. Then Phil saw Elizabeth.

He went over and was introduced to the President.

The next day a banquet was given Phil for his bravery.

"I didn't know I was so popular before," Phil was saying to one of the statesman. "Twenty different men whom I have never seen before have congratulated me."

"Well it isn't everybody that can be popular," his companion replied.

After the banquet Phil went home a very happy man for the President had promised him Elizabeth for his wife.

In June they were married and they went on their honeymoon in an aeroplane.

MARY DENHAM.

THE CONTEST OF THE NATIONS.

Whew! the operetta is on as we all know, and I want to tell you that I am pleased with the beginning we have made. (Keep it up.)

The "Contest" is a brand new work, produced for the first time last summer when it received very favorable criticism from many sources.

In a recent conversation with the publisher, he informed me that it was meeting with great success all over the country. I think we are fortunate in being the first high school in New England to present it.

I do not need to go into detail at this time regarding the story as I am sure you will all become familiar with it as the rehearsals progress. The score calls for thirty-eight principals, the majority of which are contestants and a large chorus which for our performance will consist of about eighty voices.

In selecting different ones for the various parts there were many things taken into consideration and I am sure future events will equal and, I hope, exceed our expectations. If there are any who for some reason or other cannot carry through the part to which they were assigned, I must be notified immediately.

I cannot lay too much stress upon the importance of the chorus and there were many who were not chosen for other parts because I did not feel that they could be spared. While the chorus is not the showy part at the front of the stage, it is nevertheless, the backbone of the whole production.

Miss Jewett has kindly consented

to take charge of the costuming and will be glad to assist anyone in selecting or making one. This is very important and I would suggest that you study your part with reference to its nationality so that your costume may be appropriate. I should like to ask any who have costumes at their disposal to please come forward and help out those who will need them.

Miss Parker will have charge of the dancing and rehearsals will commence immediately.

The date of the performance while not definitely settled as yet, will be about May 12th and it is to be held in the town hall.

When the time comes for selling tickets I think that everyone in high school should be able to dispose of at least four and of course, as many more as possible. The "Contest" will be pleasing to both the eye and ear and should appeal to young and old alike. Allan Peters, '16, will act as business manager and you will look to him for all information regarding tickets.

The "Contest" is perhaps the most pretentious operetta yet attempted by L. H. S. Let us work hard and together to make it a great success.

G. J. A.

ALUMNI.

Engagements Announced.

Angus V. Swift, '08, and Esther M. Crocker, '11, have recently announced their engagement. Mr. Swift has a position with the Pennsylvania railroad company in Pittsburgh. Miss Crocker is teaching the 5th grade in the Falmouth Grammar school.

Mr. Arthur Standish Roundy, '05, and Miss Mary Alice Chase both of Providence, R. I., announced their engagement. Mr. Roundy is well known in town and has a position with the Browne & Sharpe Manufacturing Co., of Providence, R. I.

"The Voice" extends its congratulations to these couples.

Joseph Walsh, '92, of New Bedford is in the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., where he is representing the 16th congressional district of Massachusetts.

There have been 365 graduates from the Lawrence Academy and High school since it was organized. This will be augmented by about 32 more when the present Senior class graduates this year, making the number of graduates approximately 400. This year's class will be the largest ever graduated in the history of the

school; the class having the previous record was that of 1913 which had 21 graduates.

Miss Agnes Jacobson, '13, and Miss Charlotte Hewins, '11, are practicing typewriting at L. H. S.

Of the 365 graduates of the Lawrence Academy and High school but 20 or about 6 per cent. are teachers. At the present time the following list of graduates are the only teachers which the L. H. S. can boast of:—

William G. Aurelio, '87, Boston University.

Susan Warren, '89, Waltham High.

Arthur F. Warren, '90, Collegiate School, N. Y.

Edith A. Holten, '98, Passaic, N. J.

Katherine Broderick, '01, North Attleboro.

Elmer Fuller, '07, Hollidaysburg, Penn.

Daisy Harris, '07, Bloomfield, N. J.

Elizabeth Dean, '08, Ithica, N. Y.

Ruth Donaldson, '08, Hope Valley, R. I.

Mary Pingree, '08, New Britian, Conn.

Helen E. Lawrence, '09, Haymarket, N. H.

Orpha Swift, '09, Falmouth, Mass.

Florence Eldred, '10, Cataumet, Mass.

Rebekah B. Ellis, '10, Wareham, Mass.

Webster H. Warren, '10, Peekskill Academy, N. Y.

Carrie L. Bowman, '11, Ipswich, Mass.

Esther M. Crocker, '11, Falmouth, Mass.

Elizabeth C. Hamlin, '11, Falmouth, Mass.

Adaline M. Holmes, '12, Petersboro, N. H.

Leroy E. Fuller, '12, Mount Hermon, Mass.

JOKES.

Somebody asked President Wilson, once, "Why he wore his glasses perched on the end of his nose?" "I always want to see what I'm talking about," was the smiling reply.

Ex.

Officer, furiously: "What the deuce is the matter? Where are your shots going?"

Recruit, nervously: "Sure, I dunno, Sor; they left 'ere all right!"

Ex.

Mr. — was having a difficult time in gaining information from a history pupil. At length he remarked, "Well, shall I drop another nickel in the slot?"

Ex.

Principal parts of "dogo" and "pigo."

"Dogo, dogere, pups, bitum."

"Pigo, pique, squeeli, gruntum."

Ex.

"Dinah, did you wash the fish before you baked it?"

"Naw, ma'am, what's de use ob washin' 'er fish what's lived all his life in de water?"

Ex.

Hodge—"Its funny all autos have the tobacco habit, isn't it?"

Blodge—"The tobacco habit?"

Hodge—"Yes, I understand the gasoline tank smokes while the electric won't start without a plug."

Ex.

Patronize Our Advertisers.



The basketball season is now well under way and so far the team has won every game. We have one advantage in our favor and that is we have played every game on our own floor and consequently the players are greatly helped.

The team this year that represent the Lawrence High school is as follows:—

Frank Gifford (capt.).
 Earle Childs.
 Arthur Powers.
 Stanley Bowman.
 Forrest Hammond.
 Irving Gray.
 Horace Lovell.
 Lester Cahoon.
 Harry Cahoon.

Capt Gifford and Stanley Bowman have been the stars in all of the games, each contributing to the score by shooting many fine baskets.

The results of the games played to date are given below:

Dec. 10—Hyannis 18, L. H. S. 29.
 Dec. 17—Provincetown 12, L. H. S. 36.
 Dec. 31—Alumni 16, L. H. S. 19.

Jan. 7—Yarmouth 6, L. H. S. 49.

Jan. 26—Fairhaven 15, L. H. S. 24.

Jan. 28—Natick 29, L. H. S. 14.

The remaining games until March will be played away from home. Let us hope that the team will be as successful "on the road" as they have been at home.

Letters were presented to the football team on Tuesday, Jan. 25, by Principal Howland. The L's were given to the following:—Captain Gifford, Earle Childs, Arthur Powers, William Powers, Edwin Donnelly, Lester Cahoon, Harry Cahoon, (mgr.) Frank Peterson, Carl Anderson, Forrest Hammond, Leroy Lowey, Irving Gray.

The basket ball schedule for the remaining games is as follows:—

Feb. 4—Provincetown high at Provincetown.

Feb. 12—Tabor Academy at Marion.

Feb. 18—Fairhaven high at Fairhaven.

Feb. 20-24—Connecticut trip.

March 4—Natick at Falmouth.

March 11—Open.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge with thanks the following papers:—

- "The Debator," Wakefield, Mass.
- "The Archon," South Byfield, Mass.
- "The Racquet," Portland, Me.
- "The Herald," Holyoke, Mass.
- "The Advance," Salem, Mass.
- "The Enterprise," Dennis, Mass.
- "The Journal," Worcester Tech., Worcester.
- "The Alpha," New Bedford, Mass.
- "The Boston University Beacon."
- "The Argonaut," Mansfield, Mass.
- "The Academician," Pembroke, N. H.
- "The Pinkerton Critic," Derry, N. H.
- "The Artisian," Bridgeport, Conn.
- "The Collegian," M. A. C., Amherst, Mass.
- "The Pierion," Foxborough, Mass.

"The Enterprise"—Your paper is a good one for a beginner and we shall look for other editions. You lack an athletic column and why not have class notes? You have too much wasted space.

"The Advance"—Very well arranged and a good assortment of jokes and stories. Fine cover design!

"The Alpha"—You have an interesting paper but why not keep the advertisements in a separate section? You are now printed like the "Saturday Evening Post." Would say that your poets exceed the poetic license.

"The Herald"—A very elaborate

cover design. You have a very good assortment of articles but why not have an index and put the board of editors, etc., in the front part instead of the middle?

"The Debater"—An exceptionally well arranged paper. Why is your paper Vol. 1, No. 1, this year? Your paper was in existence last year.

"The Pierion"—You have a very neat cover and a decidedly well arranged paper. Come again.

"The Argonaut"—You have a fine literary department. The story, "The Song of the Violin," was the best we have ever seen in a school paper. Why don't you have an Alumni column.

"The Racquet"—Your managers should be complimented—the business manager on the arrangement of the paper and the advertising manager on the number of advertisements in your columns.

"The Searchlight"—Your editorials are very good for a school paper but the paper could stand a few more stories.

"The Archon"—Your cuts are original and some are amusing. Your literary department could be lengthened. Do not like the arrangement of your editorial page.

"The Academician"—Where is your athletics' department? A few jokes would brighten your paper.

In Senior English I recently, Jock was the recipient of congratulations which were in order since he received the highest mark in "Burke's Conciliation."

Casey—Goodwin, do you know I have a thousand men under me where I work?

Goodwin—Oh, how do you make that out?

Casey—I am watchman in a graveyard.

Ex.

The class in History was recently treated to a rare exhibition of a pair of No. 49 shoes followed by a pair of shanks which accidentally came thru' the ceiling, sending down a shower of plaster and incidentally startling everybody.

Henry, the place for your feet is on the floor, not thru' the ceiling.

Mother (annoyed): I don't see, Elsa, how you could be so naughty.

Elsa: Why mother, it isn't a bit hard.



The following letter was received by a New Yorker, who was away on a visit:

"I am sending by mail a parcel containing your golf coat as you directed. As the buttons were heavy, I cut them off to save postage."

Jane.

P. S.—You'll find the buttons in the right-hand pocket. J.—Ex.

Soph. French:—

Miss A.—"What is a Morgue?"

E. M.—"Where Jews go to church."

Soph. English:—

The center of the earth is hot because the equator is located there.

A locomotive puffs because of the increased weight put in the cars.

The sun looks larger on the horizon because it is sitting.

A cricket chirps with his mouth.

H. Jones, reciting in Senior History II:

"Buchanan was a northern man and was opposed to slavery but after a while he turned over on the the South side."

Sr. History II:—

Miss Seagrave: "What would have happened if the 'Merrimac' had beaten the 'Monitor'?"

L-E.: "Nothing to it. They would have gone on to Washington, and maybe New York and Deacon's Pond Harbor."

"My Auto, 'Tis of Thee."

My auto, 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago, and now you quite refuse to go, or won't or can't.

Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride, a happy day. I loved Thy gaudy hue (thy nice white tires so new), but now you lose at least one screw, most every day.

To thee, old rattle box, came many bumps and knocks; for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe.

Thy perfume swells the breeze, and good folks choke and wheeze while we pass by. I paid for thee a price 'twould buy a mansion twice, now everybody's yelling "ice"—I wonder why?

Thy motor has the grip, thy spark plugs have the pip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills since thou wert mine.

Gone is my bank roll now; no more 'twould choke a cow, as once before. Yet if I had the mon, so help me brother John—I'd buy another car, I swan, and speed some more.

Ex.

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During a particularly nasty dust storm at one of the camps a recruit returned to seek shelter in the sacred precincts of the cook's domain. After a time he broke an awkward silence by saying to the cook:

"If you put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much dust in your soup."

The irate cook glanced at the intruder and broke out: "See here, me lad, your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," interrupted the recruit, "but not to eat it."

Ex.

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how to care for and appreciate a
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to pay three dollars for a steak."

Bix—"Yes, and it's tough when
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Ex.

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W. E. Perry, Prop. Falmouth, Mass.

He—"If I should kiss you, what would you do?"

She—"I'd call mother."

He—"But I don't want to kiss your mother."

Ex.

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Ex.

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A Little Mixed.

A college professor, noted for strict discipline, entered the class room one day and noticed a girl student sitting with her feet in the aisle and chewing gum.

"Mary," exclaimed the indignant professor, "take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

Ex.

Harold Rohlins, O.D.**Registered Optometrist.**

Cash Block, Hyannis, Mass.

AT FALMOUTH WEDNESDAYS.*Sheehan's**Milk**Bread**Falmouth
Mass.*

DR. K. A. BOHAKER,

DENTIST

FALMOUTH, MASS.

The Son—Hey, shoot the juice.

The Father—Cut out that slang, please.

The Mother—That's a peach of a way to correct the kid.

The Father—I only wanted to put him wise. Such talk will queer him.

The Son—Ishgabibble.

Ex.

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SAM CAHOON

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C. S. BURGESS, Prop.

FALMOUTH.

Tommy—"I peeked thru' the key-hole when Sis had her beau in the parlor."

Father—"What did you find out?"

Tommy—"The lamp."

Ex.

Sr. Physics:—

Speaking of water bugs walking on water—Jock, wonderingly, "And they don't get their feet wet?"

Whee-e-e.

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